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AUGUSTA, MAINE, THURSDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 12, 1850.

NO. 50.



Our Home, our Country, our Brother Man.

Thoughts about Pumpkins.

A Yankee would sooner let his "right hand forget its cunning," than he would forget the pumpkin and pumpkin pies of New England. Although this is not the time for planting and cultivating this goodly tenant of the cornfield, yet it is the time for enjoying the good things which they are manufactured into by the ingenious housewives of Yankeeedom. Thanksgiving! and when did Thanksgiving ever pass away from among us, without "hundreds" of pumpkin pies being sacrificed by the hungry, hearty urchins who look upon that day as specially appointed by the Governor to allow them their bellies full of every good thing in general, and pumpkin pies in particular! It would not be strange if an article so indispensable to the enjoyment of the people, should not only be generally cultivated, but there should rise up quite a lot of varieties, each remarkable for some valuable property on which it lays claim to favor and choice culture.

We have often noticed in fields and among the articles exhibited at Agricultural and Horticultural Shows, quite a variety of specimens of this vegetable, either as to regards shape or color, or texture and flavor of its flesh.

A writer in the Rural New Yorker, who signs himself R. G. P., and dates from Palmyra, in New York, states that he undertook to experiment with such varieties as he could obtain last spring, and he gives some of the results of his experience in *pumpkinology*.

He states that he obtained a great variety of seeds from different States in the Union, and this fall he has tested the qualities of the fruit in his family. He observes that they soon passed judgment on the mammoth and other giant kinds, and finally settled upon three kinds as being superior to all the others. He thus describes these three:

First, the "Cape Cod pumpkin" is a rather small and long pumpkin of a dark green color when ripe. The meat is very thick, tender and sweet.

Two second is the "Guinea pumpkin," the favorite pumpkin for pies among many of the connoisseurs of New England. The vine is a luxuriant grower and prolific: the pumpkin is rather small and round, of a bright orange when fully ripe, exceedingly fine grained and tender, and many prefer the flavor to either of the others.

The third is the "Cheese pumpkin," a mottled flat pumpkin, of a very tender flesh and rich flavor. Some think it partakes rather too much of the flavor of the winter squash, but it is certainly very fine.

So it seems that the *elite* of *pumpkinology* are reduced, by this zealous amateur, down to three only. His experiments corroborate the observations of many others, viz., that it is not the best pumpkin that makes the best pie.

Why don't they Swam?

We can scarcely take up a city paper without reading some account of destitution and suffering in families and with individuals in those crowded places. We also frequently see accounts of strikes, and of union meetings, and of mass meetings among the operatives in different departments of labor, such as carpenters, tailors, printers, shoemakers, &c., &c.

The thought always occurs to us, Why don't they swarm! Why stay in such a crowded hive, when the East and the West are holding forth their broad acres inviting them to come and occupy them, and make beautiful and quiet homes for themselves and families.

In our own State the Land Agent has listed out ten townships of excellent wild land, and they are offered to settlers at a nominal price, to be paid in labor on the roads in the township. The new States of the west, such as Wisconsin and Iowa, are yet but sparsely settled, and excellent land is abundant and cheap. The territory of Minnesota is also opening to settlers, offering them a healthy climate and excellent soil, as yet unoccupied, where any of these suffering, starving strikers would soon raise enough to sustain themselves, and have a surplus to sell.

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Profits of Raising Swine.

Mr. Editor:—I take pleasure in communicating the result of an experiment which was conducted under my particular notice and on my own premises. So much has been said of the cost of making pork that I was desirous of satisfying myself of the cost and profit of raising a swine. I fed alone, and all his feed accurately measured. I am not aiming to out-do Deacon Littlefield and others, in regard to the greatest weight; but only to show the result of regular attendance and proper feeding, on a pig five or six months old.

I will first mention that I had a litter of pigs which came on the 23d day of May last, from a beautiful sow, of mixed breed. My son, Lorenzo, who lives with me, bought one at a month old. I should judge it would weigh fifteen pounds. The pig had new milk for a few weeks. He was kept dry and well in the air, in an out-house. His pen and trough have been kept

sweet and clean, for we think these matters are worth attending to. There are few things in the course of my observation so inhuman and unbusinesslike as causing our hogs to be shut up in a sty half-leg deep in filth and mud, and with no other place in which to stand up or lie down; and when fed, perhaps there is filth in the trough which is not cleared out. I know hogs are very dirty animals, and will live through what would kill most other animals. Swine are more cleanly when they have room enough. Men should not abuse their beasts in this way, if it is at their own expense. Perhaps, however, hogs suffer more with cold, wet and hunger, than any other kind of our domestic animals. But to return to my experiment.

This day my son dressed his pig at one hundred and ninety days, or six months and six days old. He weighed three hundred and fifteen pounds. Allowing that he weighed fifteen pounds when one month old, then he has gained 300 lbs. of good pork in five months and six days—being nearly two pounds each day, besides all the waste, such as blood, hair, &c. &c. The whole amount of his living was twelve bushels of corn and one bushel of barley, and the refuse milk of one cow. The corn was ground, (toll taken, of course,) the meal was scalded, and the pig was fed regularly three or four times a day; when quite young he was fed often than afterwards. The corn, when ground, may be reckoned at one dollar per bushel, and the barley at four shillings—making \$12.67. The trouble of feeding is trifling, to an attentive and industrious farmer. The whey and sour milk would otherwise be lost. Farmers sometimes scarcely think of the worth of new milk for swine. We can get a more rapid growth on swine, with milk, than with any other kind of food that I know of; and with it we can make a pound of pork as easy as a pound of beef.

The three hundred and fifteen pounds of pork, at seven cents per pound, is worth \$22.05. The milk, whey and milk were not worth more than \$16 or \$18. This leaves \$4 for profit. I think our farmers need not be discouraged about raising our own pork. If southern pork is cheap, it is not so good as ours. Ours is made on our own farms, from our corn, &c.; theirs is made from manure and tepid of the woods; ours may be made in six months or a year, while theirs is three years in making.

There is one thing more that I would observe. The manure that may be made is worth more than the cost of feeding the swine. And the stomach of such a pig, I would suggest, may be worth more than any calf's stomach for dairy use. And why not? I have known it to be used, and it proved excellent. A hog's gall is a prime article for medicine in some stomach complaints. I know one man who cannot live without it. The hair is useful to stuff horse-collars, and the bristles are used by cordwainers.

The hog is one of the most profitable animals raised among us, but we cannot get very rich by raising pork for the market.

HERVEY SYLVESTER.

Leeds, Nov. 29th, 1850.

What makes a Wheat Soil?

Mr. Editor:—It is a well known fact that a great part of the flour consumed in the State of Maine is brought from the Far West—what proportion, I know not; but certainly much greater part. Perhaps some of your numerous readers can give us an estimate of the amount of money paid yearly, by this State, for this article.

It is a fact that the soil of the Western and part of the Middle States is admirably adapted to raising wheat. It is not uncommon for farmers there to raise a heavy crop of wheat upon the same ground for a number of years in succession; still the crop is not materially lessened; and that, too, without the aid of much manure. Not so in the State of Maine. For a number of years the wheat crop has been almost a total failure. Why is this?

As I have had but little experience in raising wheat, I should be highly gratified to have an answer to the following questions:

1. What properties has the soil in New York and the Western States, of which ours is destitute?

2. Is there any thing that will cause our land to produce a crop of wheat for one or more years in that abundance that western soil produces it?

3. It is said that time is a valuable measure for wheat. How and in what quantities should it be applied?

4. Is it profitable to spread lime in large quantities upon ground intended for wheat or any other crop, either before or after ploughing?

S. C. T.

Fayette, Dec. 2, 1850.

NOTE. We hope some of our correspondents will answer our friend more fully than we can at present. In the mean time, we would refer him to remarks in No. 49 of the Farmer, (Oct. 17.) headed "Value of a little chemical knowledge."

ARTESIAN WELL. The famous Artesian well at Kinsengen, in Bavaria, commenced eighteen years ago, and which was feared would have to be abandoned as a failure, has just given the most satisfactory results. The town is located in a saline valley, nine hundred and eighty-four feet above the level of the Baltic sea. Last June the boring had reached a depth of eighteen hundred and thirty-seven feet, and several layers of salt, separated by a strata of granite, had been traversed, when carbonic acid gas, followed again by granite, was found. Finally, on the 12th inst. at a depth of two thousand and sixty-seven feet, perseverance was rewarded by complete success. A violent explosion burst away the scaffolding built to facilitate the operations, and a column of water four and a half inches in diameter spouted forth to the height of 98 feet above the surface. The water—clear as crystal—is of a temperature of sixty-six Fahrenheit, and is abundantly charged with salt. It is calculated that the annual product will be upwards of 6,600,000 lbs. per annum, increasing the royal revenue by 300,000 florins, after deducting all expenses.

[Paris letter to the National Intelligence.]

To be thrown on one's own resources is to be sent into the very lap of fortune, for our faculties then undergo a development, and display an energy of which they are previously indisputable.

COME HOME TO NEW ENGLAND.

Come home to New England, the land of thy birth; All nations still call her the Queen of the earth: Ob! come with thy partner and sweet, rosy child, Where friends in life's morning around you have smiled; Come, gather wild flowers from the brook-side and dell, And fruit from the orchard you were bred so well, And feast on the sugar fresh-made from the grove Where you and your brothers delighted to rove.

Come sit in the shade of the chestnut tree, Whose tendrils around the old elm tree entwined; Come range o'er the intervals, island and plain, And live o'er the days of thy boyhood again. Thy Father in Heaven seems acting his part—He keeps thee alive once so dear to thy heart—There are brothers and sisters, and nieces a score, And nephews, all waiting to greet thee once more.

Our Susan, the baby that clung to thy knee, And prattled around thee, in infantine glee, Has grown up a sweet, married, and two bright-eyed boys Have stirred in her bosom a kismet of joys. You start, and exclaim, Can the story be true? I fear that you'll stay till she's grander than you. You've staid for our infants to grow up and wed—Our young men are old men, our old men are dead—Yes, white hairs are clustering round many a crown, Which were, when you left them, with tresses of brown.

Will you, bright sister, have faded and died—One day, fifty still left the others both by her side! Alas! I behold thee! I laugh and I weep! Disheartened with pleading, and pleading in vain: Perhaps I may never attend you again. SARAH.

Autumn and Winter.

BY FRANCIS D. GAGE.

The autumn is going, with its beauty so glowing, And winter o'er all things is casting its shroud; The rose-tree is fading—no longer 'tis shining; The arbutus of love and the bright waterfall.

The dahlia is dropping, the ripe fruit is dropping, The corn leaves are withered and dry on the stalk; The ring-dove is sighing, the grasshopper dying, The fire-fly no longer enlivens the walk.

The forests are changing, the wild birds are ranging, To hunt on a downy slope where the winds are blowing; The streamer deeper hollows, the chilly winds blowing, All tell us that winter, cold winter, is near.

Summer's sweet, while we're tasting, away all are hunting; The days of the peach and the melon are o'er; Then let us be trying, while Autumn is dying, To lay up for Winter a plentiful store.

Work fever and harder, fill the barn and the larder; Then give me old Winter, when'er he shall come, A welcome most willing: 'twere best not his chilling, If there's warmth round the hearth-stone, and plenty at home.

But while we are cheerful, so eager to be so, Let us think of the children of sorrow and wrong, And give from our treasure, with no stinted measure, Of the good gifts of Heaven, to help them along.

Cultivating Fruit Trees.

The influence of the cultivation of the ground, upon apple and other fruit-bearing trees, does not appear to be generally well known, or appreciated. It is a point generally concluded, that if the soil is not broken among fruit trees, there will be no thrifty sprouts, and little or no fruit. This remark is to be understood as having a general application, for there are lots or orchards occasionally to be met with, where as so richly imbued with fertilizing or fruiting matters, that there appears no necessity of inverting the sword or of applying more than a very limited animal dressing to ensure the most abundant crops; but orchards in this condition are seldom found, and where they are they are to be regarded as exceptions.

The planting of orchards or potatoes and other vegetables, I have never regarded as a profitable investment of capital. If the trees shade one-half the surface, you can necessarily expect no more than half a crop; but you must bestow as much manure as is required to produce a full one. True, the orchard will secure its part, but it is not good policy to expend manure upon one department of the farm to the detriment of the other parts. If the land is not in good heart, the most economical, and perhaps, most expeditious method of enriching it, is to plough it twice a year, or during the season of vegetation; turning in the weeds which take root, and keeping the soil loose and light. Should there be a scarcity of sprouts, the quantity of green matter may easily be increased by sowing buckwheat, peas or clover, to be turned in. These should be ploughed under before the maturation of their seed, and while in their most succulent state. Perhaps the period of inflorescence is the most favorable for the performance of this work, as at that time the straw is generally tender and full of sap. Rye has been recommended as a good article for this purpose, as it may be sown early; but some orchardists object to it on the score of its not being congenial to the apple tree. More experiments are needed in this branch of culture, and especially with rye, before we can decide what plants are most suitable for manuring trees in a low or weakly state. Clover, as it furnishes a dense and heavy crop without being so tall as to hide the fruit, is probably the best article that can be sown, on several accounts. It is supposed to operate very favorably upon the trees, and supplies a large amount of humus to the soil when turned in. Peas, also appear to be congenial to the trees. The *hullein* decomposes rapidly, and makes an affluent dressing, but on the whole, is inferior to clover. By ploughing three or four times, and securing at each time as large an amount of green matter as possible, the orchard will be kept in a healthy and vigorous condition; the fruit will be full and sound, and there will be no danger of the curculio, the eggs of which will be destroyed by the frequent working.

[Germanown Telegraph.]

PRESERVING CABBAGE. In the last number of the "New Yorker," I noticed an inquiry by "W. P." of Virginia, as to the best mode of setting away cabbages, as well as the best time to do so, to prevent them from rotting. I have been in the habit of burying cabbages about the last of October, for several years past, and never knew a head of the number to rot. The following is my method:—Dig a trench about two feet wide and eight or ten inches deep; place the cabbage in this trench with the heads down and roots up; then throw the scattering leaves on and cover it up, but not boards or straw above them. If these directions are followed, your cabbage will never rot. [Germanown Telegraph.]

CHIMNEYS. A subscriber to your paper asks, "how to prevent chimneys from smoking without pulling them down?" We will suggest a few facts in regard to this subject, knowing, at the same time, that they are known to a large number of your readers. In the first place, the reason why smoke is carried through the chimney into the air above it, is that the fire creates a partial vacuum in it, and the air below rushing in to supply the void, produces a current which carries out the smoke and watery vapor; for the ascent of smoke is entirely mechanical, and not owing, as some imagine, to its being lighter than air. The draft of a chimney is influenced by several things. Long chimneys have a stronger draught than short ones, because they have a longer column of warm air, but here observe that they may be so long as to cool the air before it has reached the top, and the smoke then will fall down, owing to its weight. A narrow throat opening into a large pipe, makes a strong draught. But the throat must be wide enough to allow all the smoke, vapor, rarified air, &c., to ascend freely. Small pipes are more easily rarified than large ones, and hence are to be preferred. But if they are too small, they cause so much resistance from friction as to impede the passage of the draught. The size of the chimney ought to be regulated by the kind of fuel used—green wood requiring a larger aperture than dry, and bituminous coal more than anthracite. A fireplace, with a low front, causes a stronger draught, because none but rarified air is permitted to enter the chimney, and thus it is kept constantly warm. One thing in constructing chimneys is to exclude all air from entering that has not first passed through the fire, and keep all air out that is not necessary to support combustion. These things, if properly attended to, will obviate any necessity of a smoky chimney; but we will give some directions to those who have such nuisances, in order that they may, in part, if not entirely, avoid all inconveniences arising from them.

1. Your chimney may be too large, so large indeed that descending currents of air meet the smoke and drive it down; if so, this is easily obviated by putting a long, narrow crook on the top of it, a plan followed in many places.

2. The breast may be too high. This is quickly remedied by placing a piece of sheet iron so as to cover over part of the orifice.

3. One plan followed by an old gentleman we have heard of, was to knock out the corner bricks in the chimney, about two-thirds of the way from the fire-place to the top, so as to afford room to insert in each corner a cow's horn, having first sawed them off so as to leave a free passage of air through them, and having placed them in, little and foremost, and turned up at an angle of about thirty-five degrees; then secure with plaster all orifices around them. This is from a very scientific man, who knew the plan to succeed, and from whom we obtained all our information in regard to chimneys.

The best thing is to cut your wood and have it thoroughly dry, and very probably your chimney, which has been so long smoked from using green wood, will be effectually cured. [Dallas Newspaper.] Hartston, Pa., 1850.

Farming Accounts.

The Dutch have a proverb that "no one is ever ruined who keeps correct accounts," and this saying, there is no doubt, contains much truth; and if it applies to the merchant, trader, and manufacturer, it must do still stronger to the farmer, whose business it is by small outgoings to create a stock, which at the year's end shall afford, in addition to returning the expenditure, a surplus for his remuneration. But farmers are seldom accountants; it does not enter their ideas that a knowledge of book-keeping can be a necessary part of their education, and yet what is more evident than the occasion for their knowing not only what proportion their general expenditure bears to the gross return, but what they should also be aware in detail of the cost and returns of the several products of their farm, so that they may ascertain, not only their position as to profit or loss at the year's end, but be able to develop the profitable branches of their farming by a sacrifice of the unprofitable; but, further, that they may readily estimate the advisability of a practice or of an outlay by a calculation of the cost and return. It is to the neglect of this very important branch of education, to the want of this aid to good farming, that great numbers of land-owners as well as farmers sink their money so unprofitably. They are led into plans by gross returns, without a knowledge of the cost, and then fancy their lost capital has gone in improvements or amendments of their land, which are to make a return hereafter, when, in reality, some vicious system, some false views of profit have swallowed it. I often see land yearly depreciating, but which the owner or occupier scarcely must have been much to greatly improve, simply because he finds he is yearly becoming poorer by his use of it. How often does the stock-master, delighting in his stock, reconcile the consumption of nearly all his produce, the appropriation of half his farm, to the maintenance of animals which at the year's end give but a comparative trifle for their keep, with the impression he shall recover their cost in the return of grain. A better system of accounts, an accurate knowledge of the cost on one side, and of the return on the other, would often set many rights; who are going very wrong indeed. Figures should be the farmer's test of every operation, every system should undergo a comparison of cost to the return. Why should manufacturers, traders, and merchants be governed by their estimates, and their debtor and creditor accounts, and farmers not? I confess I like the present dry balance sheets, for my early education was a mercantile one, and much I owe to it; but at the same time the desirability of figure proof farming, we must not forget that good farming when first planned requires time to produce fruit. It is a tree which takes years of care and attention before it blossoms. Four or five years must be expected to pass before it must be repaid for its return. The greater the occasion therefore for accurate, to distinguish money lost from money invested. On a future occasion I will go into details as to the books a farmer must keep to correctly understand what he each year is doing. [Exchange.]

WORTH REMEMBERING. Boys, if you would be honored men, take care of your conduct now.

How can Agricultural Knowledge be Disseminated?

The question forming our heading is often asked, and almost every one is ready to answer it in some form. Some think that it may be done by reading, and that farmers will read if proper books on agriculture are printed; others suppose that agricultural colleges and schools will answer it, and that the fire creates a partial vacuum in it, and the air below rushing in to supply the void, produces a current which carries out the smoke and watery vapor; for the ascent of smoke is entirely mechanical, and not owing, as some imagine, to its being lighter than air. The draft of a chimney is influenced by several things. Long chimneys have a stronger draught than short ones, because they have a longer column of warm air, but here observe that they may be so long as to cool the air before it has reached the top, and the smoke then will fall down, owing to its weight. A narrow throat opening into a large pipe, makes a strong draught. But the throat must be wide enough to allow all the smoke, vapor, rarified air, &c., to ascend freely. Small pipes are more easily rarified than large ones, and hence are to be preferred. But if they are too small, they cause so much resistance from friction as to impede the passage of the draught. The size of the chimney ought to be regulated by the kind of fuel used—green wood requiring a larger aperture than dry, and bituminous coal more than anthracite. A fireplace, with a low front, causes a stronger draught, because none but rarified air is permitted to enter the chimney, and thus it is kept constantly warm. One thing in constructing chimneys is to exclude all air from entering that has not first passed through the fire, and keep all air out that is not necessary to support combustion. These things, if properly attended to, will obviate any necessity of a smoky chimney; but we will give some directions to those who have such nuisances, in order that they may, in part, if not entirely, avoid all inconveniences arising from them.

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Domestic Receipts.

TO MAKE SALSAGES. Proportion your meat about half and half, and chop it very fine; then to every fifty pounds of meat, add one and one-fourth pounds of pure salt, five ounces of sage, and five of pepper finely ground. The meat should be warmed, and the ingredients thoroughly mixed before stuffing. [Germanown Telegraph.]

The following receipts we take from Miss Leslie's Receipt Book.

CHICKEN POT PIE. Cut up and parboil a pair of large fowls, seasoning them with pepper, salt, and autumn. You may add some small slices of cold lamb; in which case add a little salt, as the ham will make it salt enough. Or you may put in some pieces of the lean of fresh pork. You may procure a sweet paste; but for a chicken pot pie it is best to make the paste of butter, which should be fresh and of the best quality. Allow to each quart of flour a small half pound of butter. There should be enough for a great deal of paste. Line the sides of the pot, two-thirds up, with paste. Put in the chickens, with the liquor in which they were parboiled. You may add some sliced potatoes. Intersperse the pieces of chicken with layers of paste in square slices. Then cover the whole with a lid of paste, not fitting very closely. Make a slit in the top, and boil the pie about three quarters of an hour or more. This pie will be greatly improved by adding some cream to the chickens while parboiling, omitting salt in the seasoning, as the cream will salt it quite enough.

RICE BLANCHING. Boil half a pint of whole rice in as little water as possible, till all the grains lose their form and become a soft mass. Next put it into a sieve, and drain and press out all the water. Then turn it into the sauceron, and mix with it a large half pint of rich milk, and a quarter of a pound of powdered sugar. Boil it again till the whole is reduced to a pulp. Then remove it from the fire, and stir in (while hot) a wine-glass of rose water. Dip your moulds into cold water, and then fill them up with the rice; set them on ice, and when quite firm and cold, turn out the blanching, and serve it up on dishes with a sauce of cream and sugar, or with a boiled custard, or with wine sauce. You may mould it in large breakfast cups. Always dip your moulds for a moment in lukewarm water before you turn out their contents.

FARMING. Farming is a very fine and delicate preparation made from the inner part of the grain of new wheat. It is exceedingly nutritious, and excellent, either for invalids or persons in health. It is now much in use, and is to be had in packages of a pound or half a pound at the best grocers and druggists. Physicians recommend it, as a tonic, and as a food for the weak.

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In regard to water, there has always been a complaint, we believe, by every superintendent who has been there, that there was never hardly a supply sufficient for the ordinary purposes of the establishment. In any wonder, therefore, that, when the whole building was in flames, the firemen soon found a deficiency until, after much delay, arrangements could be made to bring it from the river, a distance of 1700 feet, and up a rise of 200 feet perpendicular! To the lack of these appliances must in part, at least, be attributed this disastrous event—distressing on account of the loss of so many lives, the lives of those placed in the institution that they might receive that care, attention and protection that it was not possible to give them at home. It is this which renders it one of the most shocking occurrences that ever took place among us, compared with which the destruction of property is a mere straw.

The fire was discovered in the basement of the old south wing of the Hospital, about 3 o'clock, on Wednesday morning, Dec. 4. It was first seen in the vicinity of the air chamber. When it was found that there was a serious fire in the building, efforts were made to remove the patients to the new south wing, which was not then considered in immediate danger. In the meantime, a messenger was dispatched to give the alarm, and the bells commenced ringing within a few minutes of four o'clock. The Hospital is situated about a mile from the Bridge, on the east side of the river, and when the alarm was given no appearance of fire could be discerned, and some time elapsed before the citizens generally were aroused, and had their attention directed to the Hospital. The Uncle Sam engine was on the ground in about half an hour after the bells commenced ringing. The Deluge was not in working order. Before fire broke out, the flames were burning out at the windows of the wing in which the fire originated. The Uncle Sam fire drew water from the cistern in the south-west corner of the new wing, but there was only a limited supply of water, and the firemen were soon overwhelmed by the flying cinders. The engine was afterwards stationed at a well in front of the Hospital. By the time the Hallows engines arrived, the water was nearly exhausted. The tiger, from Hallows, was then placed at the river, and forced water up the hill, through seven hundred feet of hose, to the Lion, which forced it up six hundred feet further to the Uncle Sam, the hose of the latter being extended into the upper stories of the building. The firemen did their duty nobly. Many of them were exposed to not a little danger and hardship, but they relaxed not their exertions until the fire was subdued. Our Hallows neighbors, as on previous occasions, are entitled to great credit for their prompt and efficient assistance. If there had been a sufficient supply of water, at a reasonable point and convenient distance, it is confidently asserted, that, notwithstanding all the other difficulties, the fire might have been stopped before it reached the main body of the building.

The patients who were lost, with very few exceptions, occupied the old south wing, in which the fire originated. It was supposed that all the patients were seasonably removed from the new wing, but after the cells had been cleared, it appears that some of the patients returned to them and there perished. Mr. Armstrong, of Gardiner, came to the open window of the veranda, where he had opportunity to escape, but from some unaccountable motive, he returned to his room and was lost. The fire being located near the air chamber, from which there are passages extending to the cells, the smoke was very soon diffused throughout the building, and the patients who perished were undoubtedly suffocated long before the fire reached them.

We learn that there were one hundred and twenty-six insane patients in the building at the time of the fire. The females, who occupied the north wing, were all saved. The loss of life is greater than was at first supposed. More than twenty-five of the unfortunate inmates are now missing, and it is highly probable nearly all of them have perished. Many of the bodies were undoubtedly so burned in the intense heat of the fire, as to leave but few if any traces of their existence; and the remains found are so disfigured that they seldom appear much like human bodies. Mr. Jones, of Fayette, one of the attendants, was lost in his efforts to save the lives of the patients. Mr. Weeks, another attendant, was nearly suffocated in attempting to rescue Mr. Jones. Several of the firemen met with injuries, more or less severe, while exerting themselves to extinguish the flames and save the property.

All the wood work of the south wing and the new wing is destroyed, and also the roof and a considerable portion of the interior of the main building. The north wing is entirely uninjured by the fire. The outer walls are all standing, and nine-tenths of the stone work, we should judge, is apparently unharmed. None of the outbuildings were burned, although the shed extending from the north wing was partly torn down.

A gentleman who is well acquainted with the Hospital, having been employed on it during its construction, gives it as his opinion that the cost of putting the Hospital again in good repair, would not vary much from \$50,000.

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Ever since the improvements of Watt, in the Steam Engine, by which steam was not only economized, but the machinery rendered so perfect as to become almost self-moving and self-regulating—all manner of experiments have been tried by mechanists and men of a speculative turn of mind in these things. Oliver Evans, who introduced the high-pressure engine, may be considered next to Watt, as it regards time and ingenuity. Indeed his engine has now almost entirely superseded Watt's.

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The last one that we have heard of, and we are not sure that this is a rotary one, is an invention of Mr. Black, of New York State. The particulars of it we cannot tell, but the Albany Knickerbocker cracks it up and says it is perfectly original, the power being applied directly to the driving wheel, without the intervention of any cylinders, piston rods, walking beams, steam chests, condenser or other apparatus. By this means an immense amount of friction, room and money is saved. The wheel of which we speak is a submerged one, and is so contrived that an immense hydraulic power is also obtained without any cost whatever.

It also states that several of these engines are in operation, one near Williamsburg, N. Y., where it is employed in sawing lumber and getting out floor plank. This one operates most successfully. Much more, in fact, has been effected than even its most sanguine friends have dared to hope. It drives the machinery with a degree of speed and force beyond all previous calculation. A two horse power was produced by two jets of steam from two tubes of one-eighth of an inch diameter, with the consumption of one bushel of coal in the space of ten hours, and was kept during the whole time in active use, sawing timber and boards. There's an engine for you, as is an engine.

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Ever since the improvements of Watt, in the Steam Engine, by which steam was not only economized, but the machinery rendered so perfect as to become almost self-moving and self-regulating—all manner of experiments have been tried by mechanists and men of a speculative turn of mind in these things. Oliver Evans, who introduced the high-pressure engine, may be considered next to Watt, as it regards time and ingenuity. Indeed his engine has now almost entirely superseded Watt's.

We often hear of surprising improvements in the steam engine. All of them have their day, and then are laid by. The celebrated Jacob Perkins was thought, at one time, to have made a wonderful revolution in the steam engine; but although his experiments elucidated some of the laws of the action of steam, his engine was found not to stand the test of practical use, and it was laid aside. Perhaps on no one phase of the engine has there been more time, money and ingenuity expended than on the rotary engine, as it is called, or an endeavor to apply steam in such a manner as to produce direct rotary motion without the intervention of so many valves, and pistons, and cranks. Although many ingenious devices have been brought forward, the great desideratum has not yet been obtained.

The last one that we have heard of, and we are not sure that this is a rotary one, is an invention of Mr. Black, of New York State. The particulars of it we cannot tell, but the Albany Knickerbocker cracks it up and says it is perfectly original, the power being applied directly to the driving wheel, without the intervention of any cylinders, piston rods, walking beams, steam chests, condenser or other apparatus. By this means an immense amount of friction, room and money is saved. The wheel of which we speak is a submerged one, and is so contrived that an immense hydraulic power is also obtained without any cost whatever.

It also states that several of these engines are in operation, one near Williamsburg, N. Y., where it is employed in sawing lumber and getting out floor plank. This one operates most successfully. Much more, in fact, has been effected than even its most sanguine friends have dared to hope. It drives the machinery with a degree of speed and force beyond all previous calculation. A two horse power was produced by two jets of steam from two tubes of one-eighth of an inch diameter, with the consumption of one bushel of coal in the space of ten hours, and was kept during the whole time in active use, sawing timber and boards. There's an engine for you, as is an engine.

We do not know the peculiar arrangement of apparatus or machinery by which such great power is made to issue from two pipe stems, and we cannot therefore enlighten our readers any further upon that head. The Knickerbocker, however, goes on to say that what will render this application of steam and water of general adoption, is the fact that it needs no ingenious artisan or machinist to construct it. A common mechanic or millwright can build a machine of this description, and keep it in repair. It dispenses entirely with the steam engine, so costly and expensive, and is much safer, requiring for any given power a much less pressure or weight of steam to the square inch.

ART UNIONS. We were shown, a day or two since, proof copies of the engravings of the present year, to be distributed among the members of the American Art Union. There are six of these engravings for each member, besides the chance of drawing a fine painting, or other work of art. These engravings are all well executed, and many of them very superior in design and execution. The "Dream of Arcadia" is especially worthy of notice. These works of art are fully worthy the price of subscription, though no other prize be drawn.

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THE DIVORCED WIFE. is the title of a new tale by T. S. Arthur, laid on our table by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia. Mr. Arthur's works are the most popular of any now published, and the present one is not inferior to any of his former writings. It is a tale of everyday life, and cannot fail of interesting any that may read it. The characters are well conceived and happily carried out, and, in short, it is a book that will bear reading, not once, but many times. This is uniform with the rest of Arthur's stories, as published by Peterson, and can be sent by mail, if required.

AN OLD STORE AND NEW GEONS. Our friends in Winthrop and vicinity will be pleased to see the advertisement of neighbor Bishop, who has again gone into trade and filled up his store with an entire new stock of goods, which he offers to all who wish to purchase. The gentlemanly and accommodating spirit which has hitherto characterized Brother Cyrus will insure him lots of customers.

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THE MAINE FARMER: AN AGRICULTURAL JOURNAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

R. EATON, Proprietor. E. HOLMES, Editor.

THURSDAY MORNING, DEC. 12, 1880.

Destruction of the Insane Hospital.

In a part of our edition of last week we announced the fact of this heart-rending occurrence. The building was on fire while our paper was in press, and little could be said then of the causes of the fire, or what would be the final result; and now, after the lapse of a week, we are not much better able to give all the causes of this appalling calamity, so contradictory are the reports, and so various are the statements that we hear almost every hour. A jury of inquest has been impaneled, and are now in session, investigating the matter thoroughly, and will make an impartial report of the facts. The trustees are also present and will aid in the matter. We deem it more prudent, therefore, to wait until reliable facts are given us to publish, than to aid in spreading blame and reproach which may not be deserved. We will say, however, that it is evident that there was something wrong in the construction of the building, and the arrangement of the flues, which has probably rendered the building liable to a conflagration every hour that a fire has been kept there since its construction—that there has been a delinquency on the part of some of the authorities, we don't know which of them, in not having a better supply of water, and suitable fire apparatus in the form of an engine, hose, ladders, &c., suitable for using in such emergencies.

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R. EATON, Proprietor. E. HOLMES, Editor.

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL,
For the Cure of Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness,
Bronchitis, Whooping-Cough, Croup, Asthma,
and all Affections of the Throat and Lungs.

AMONG the numerous diarrhoea science has made in this generation to facilitate the business of life-like this, perhaps no other has been so generally useful. Croup, whooping-cough, and all the other diseases of the chest and lungs, can be named of more real value to mankind than the distribution of Chemistry to the Healing Art. A vast trial has been made in every part of the world, and has proved beyond a doubt that an equally safe and cure the numerous varieties of the above diseases, which have hitherto swept from our midst thousands and thousands of our fellow-creatures, and that the only way to believe in Remedy has at length been found, which is the only way to believe in the efficacy of the Cherry Pectoral. The lungs, our space here will not permit us to publish a full description of the cure effected by its use, but we would present to the reader a few of the most striking and full particulars, and indisputable proof of its efficacy.

From the *Presbyterian of Amherst, Canada*, we extract the following:

"James C. Ayer—Sir—I have used your Cherry Pectoral

states to cure. **New Haven, Ct. Nov. 3, 1848.**
M. A. J. PATTISON, President of the C. S. Sem-
 states he has used the Cherry Pectoral with wonderful
 success the following season.

From one of the **First Physicians in Maine.**
Bowdoin Me. April 26, 1853. Dr. J. C. Ayer, Lowell—
 Dear Sir, I have used your Cherry Pectoral with suc-
 cess in my practice, and prefer it to any other medicine for
 coughs, colds, and all the affections of the Throat and
 Lungs. I am convinced it will cure coughs, colds, and
 all the affections of the Throat and Lungs, in all the
 cases mentioned. I invariably recommend its use in cases of
 consumption, and consider it much the best remedy for
 that disease. Very respectfully,
Prepared and Sold by JAMES C. AYER, Practical
Physician, Lowell, Mass., U. S. A.
 Sold by CUSHING & BLACK, DILLINGHAM & TIT-
 COMB, and all the Wholesale and Retail Druggists.
 Lewiston; J. B. Fillebrown, Readville; Stanley & Brad-
 ford, Winthrop; and by druggists throughout the State.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

Stage and
 Rail Road Run by
 the
 Ice,

STAGES will run in connection with the **Androscoggin & Kennebec**, to **Albany & St. Lawrence** **Kennebec**, as follows: Leave Augusta 9 o'clock, Monday, 11th inst. Return to Augusta 9 o'clock, Tuesday, 12th inst.

RETURNING will leave **Winthrop** on the arrival of the **Androscoggin & Kennebec** from **Albany & St. Lawrence**—**FARE**—To Portland, \$15.00; to Boston, as cheap as any other stage. For particulars apply to
J. MITCHELL & CO.
 Augusta, Dec. 2, 1850.

W. T. HOLMES Has a new and complete stock of

has just received an assortment of Virginia, which he will sell at a small advance from cost. 49 Dec. 3

WATER RAM.

I **UTHER WHITMAN** keeps on hand this excellent machine for raising water into houses and barn yards, and will send them into operation.

I am ever constantly in operation in the premises, in Westbury, where he will be happy to show it to any one desirous of seeing it.

Westbury, Oct. 21, 1850. 431f

NEW FRESH FLOUR.

CARDINER FLOUR, Ground from NEW WHEAT, in 14 barrels, also gives containing 1-1/2, 1-1/2, and 1-2 barrels, just received and for sale by **J. LIBBY & CO.**

Freedom Notice.

I **THIS** day relieve **JOHN** and **MARY A. MITCHELL**, his time during his minority, and he is now free to act and transact business for himself in like manner as though he was of age, and he disclaims all of his earnings or pay any debts of his contracting after this date.

Witness—**SAMUEL MITCHELL**. **JOHN MITCHELL.**

Chloro, Nov. 21, 1850. 48

[illegible][illegible]

D. M. TEAGUE
WORLD respectfully inform his friends and the public that he has been elected President of the Real Estate Board, Vermont, who will discontinue many of the abuses of the real estate business. TEAGUE, the celebrated Violinist from the West, Milwaukee, who has been playing in the orchestra of the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, and several other Musicians well known, has been elected to the public relations position of the Real Estate Board. TEAGUE has secured some of the clearest and most complete information of the real estate business in New York, from Parke, Burdett, and White, of Boston and of the City of New York, and has been elected to the office in the United States, and he flatters himself that he has secured the most complete and correct information of the real estate business that has hitherto given.

TEAGUE has been elected to the position of President of the Board, and he has secured the most complete and correct information of the real estate business that has hitherto given. Application to be made to D. M. TEAGUE, 47 Mount Vernon, Nov. 28, 1896.

RETAILING MOLASSES.
100 HIDS. SUPERIOR QUALITY TRINIDAD MO-
LASSES, suitable for retailing, price is shown and
sent by
Bath, Nov. 14, 1896. MAGNOLIA C. Box 27

BUCK WHEAT FLOUR. 100 HIDS. BUCK WHEAT FLOUR
for sale by N. S. LITTLEBERRY, by R. H. HAMLIN.
Bath, Nov. 14, 1896.

CRACKER'S FIRE PROOF PAINT.
7000 LBS. of this material, which is made by the
consequence, and for sale by
BATH, N. S. LITTLEBERRY, by R. H. HAMLIN.
Bath, Nov. 14, 1896. EREN FULLER.

Washington Raised to a Science
BY THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE. A culture
of a new and highly approved article for the
purpose of raising the standard of living.

THE great demand for DYKES' WRAPPING FLUID is proved that it is **TRUE ARTICLE**. It is warranted not to be a cheap imitation, and is superior to all others ever offered to the public. Hold in your hands and see the result, at No. 9 Bridge's Block, by the only Agent, **W. W. COREN.**

CALIFORNIA TRADE.
SAME, BOXES AND WRINDS FOR SALE in large quantities, at short notice, at a reasonable discount can be had at the **Shoe and Bind Factory** on **Augusta, April, 1930.**
O. & F. W. WILLIAMSON.

FRESH FRUIT—Fresh Molaga Raisins, Corrales, Grapes, and Specios of all kinds, for **EDEN FULLER.**

WRAPPING PAPER.
SINGLE, 25 cents; Double, 41 50 per ream—not good as has usually been sold for these prices; but good as can now be afforded for the price.
EDWARD PENNO.

CITY MILL.
BRIDGES MILL at the request of numerous persons in this city and vicinity, has been put in perfect order for **CANNING** and **GRINDING** of all fruits, **especially**, as well as all descriptions of **GRAIN**. The world is now in the midst of the universal liquidation of the subscriber, and he pledges himself to give to

Augusta, Nov. 19, 1859. 47 WM. BRIDGE.

The Mus.

From the Boston Journal.

HARVEST HYMN FOR 1850.

By VIRGINIA M. STUART.

Again the merry harvesters

Tread down the first leaves,

As the low-waning autumn sun

Gleams on their bonneted shoes;

Again Columbia's song resounds,

In hearts of happy folk,

And with their grateful hymns repay

The tribute of her soil.

Through all our eastern borders,

The Atlantic waves lave,

To the far western prairies,

Where green savannahs wave,

Fair plenty, with her flowing corn,

Bends o'er the waving hills.

As, year by year, the smile of God

Beats on our thousand hills.

From out the deep-voiced chorus,

Borne joyful on the air,

With all a people's praises,

Ascend a people's prayer—

For one loud song of gladness

For all our freedom love,

One plea for all the oppressed hand

Trod by a southern slave.

God works in time's gracious will,

We work His will to wait,

Though long the wretched slave should seek

Liberia's eastern gate;

Trod beneath a double curse,

Scourged by his brother's whip,

And made to know the saving grace

Of Love's redeeming plan.

But we shall break the nation,

And darkness fall the land,

When free for gloom shall cease their woe,

Guided by God's right hand.

When they shall cry, "The time is come!"

We will not bemoan loss.

Nor ask of those who Freedom rights

Have no right to give!

With their own reckless lashes,

We strike the tyrants down,

Our own arms indignant take,

And wreath our rightful crown.

The crown redeemed from Eden's curse,

Around our brows we twine,

Our eastern star shall blaze,

To seal the sacred sign."

Ere these human hearts shall cry,

Columbia! into thee!

Who hasten to thy waving land,

The banner of the free!

Who stand with spreading eagle-wings,

Upon thy lofty throne,

Give freedom to these souls whom thou

Shouldest free to call thine own!

Be thou the truth and justice clad,

The light of all our lives,

To teach down-trodden man the strength

And freedom of the mind—

Not track a path bedewed with blood,

To fire a blazing brand,

Tread thou with solemn steps to meet

A peace-enclosed morn.

Then nation's stormy cry shall cease—

Our Commonwealth shall stand

In one fraternal brotherhood,

United heart and hand:

Our land shall keep her youthful fame—

Her Harvest King her youthful fame—

This last hope of the world, to be

Forever green and fair.

The hearts of all her sons shall yield

One yearly sacrifice,

As from the North, and from the South,

One harvest song shall rise;

No iron bands shall curse the land—

No hearts with sorrow dim;

And none but tears of joy shall fall,

With that sweet Harvest Hymn.

The Story-Teller.

From Ellen Cook's Journal.

THE TWO BROTHERS.

OR PEACE AND GOOD NEIGHBORHOOD.

The visitors to the banks of the Wye must

Doubtless have remarked the high hill, upon

which rises the village of Sellack. The path

leading to it from the neighboring meadows, is

as steep as if intended to reach the clouds, and

caused the magistrates of the place to give it

the name of Jacob's ladder. At the top of the hill

stood the Church, which from a distance, served

as a guide to the straying traveller; around it

were scattered the dwellings of the inhabitants,

situated on the different plateaus of the green

hill, like nests in the wide branches of a lofty

cedar.

At its foot not far from Jacob's ladder, were

two small farms, separated by a hedge of alders.

The two cottages so exactly resembling

each other in their neatly whitewashed walls, in

the thatched roofs, in the casements round which

hung the honey-suckle in fragrant clusters, came

upon the eyes as twin sisters, so like in garb and

feature as scarcely to be distinguished from each

other.

In truth, both were built at the same time, by

Tom and Jones Basham; not even a hedge di-

vided them at first. There was as little separa-

tion between the houses as between the hearts

of the two brothers; but the close neighborhood

soon gave rise to innumerable quarrels, and at

the time our record begins, the Bashams had long

ceased to hold any intercourse with each other.

Perhaps they no longer even entertained an affec-

tion for each other—for hearts which have parted

in anger unconsciously become embittered. We

fill up with reproach and censure the void which

wounded affection has left in our hearts, and by

incessant complaining to ourselves of those who

have loved, we at length think we are quite right

in hating them.

Not one could tell the cause of a quarrel,

which, originating in some ebullition of temper

about some trifling, and fomented by mutual re-

mination, and by the injudicious interference

of a third party, ended in an open rupture. It

unfortunately happened just at the time a fresh

dispute arose between them about a piece of

ground, which had to be decided by law, and

though a fair and equitable division was made,

both the parties felt the court well deserved—

for it is to be remembered, that, so often as

animosity and anger were kindled, the parties

would meet, and, without being able to

prevail upon them to shake hands! But none

seemed to remember that he who would reconcile

friends must make his appeal to feeling, not to

reason. Divided hearts can only be united by

gently touching some spring of feeling common

to each.

Such was the state of things when the curate

of the parish arrived one day at the dwelling of

Jones Basham. He was an excellent man; he

had no family, but his parishioners were his own

children, and he was as welcome to every house

as a gleam of sunshine in winter. His words

were grave and gentle; even the roughest of

his flock felt, he knew not why, his heart softened

by a visit from him. To be with him seemed

THE MAINE FARMER: AN

AGRICULTURAL JOURNAL AND FAMILY

NEWSPAPER.

Written for the Maine Farmer.

THE LENT PAPER.

BY W. E. F.

"John, what has become of last week's pa-

per?" inquired Mrs. C., of her husband.

"Surely, wife, I cannot tell. It was brought

from the office, I think."

"Yes, James brought it home on Saturday

evening; but neighbor N— and wife being

here, he laid it on the parlor table."

"O, N— has got the paper. I remember,

now, of lending it to him."

"I am very sorry for that. I think you do

wrong, husband, in lending the paper before we

have read them. He who takes a paper, and

pays for it, is certainly entitled to the first per-

usal of it."

"Yes; but N— asked me to lend it, and

how could I refuse so kind and obliging a neighbor?

I am sure he would lend me his, if he took

one, and I should want to borrow."

"Don't N— take a paper?" inquired Mrs.

C., with surprise.

"No."

"Why not? He is, as he says, always very

fond of reading."

"Yes; but he seems to think himself unable

to pay for one."

"Unable! He is certainly as able as we are."

He pays a much larger tax; and he is almost al-

ways bragging of his superior estate, and—

"Hush, wife! It is wrong to speak of our

neighbors' faults behind their backs. He prom-

ised to return the paper to-day."

"I hope he will. It contains an excellent

story that I desire much to read."

Mrs. C. was an excellent lady, and probably

possessed as liberal feelings as her peace-loving

husband; but she could not believe it to be their

duty to furnish a free paper for their more

wealthy, yet covetous neighbor.

N— had formerly taken a paper, but thinking

it too expensive, to the no small discomfite

of his wife and children, he had ordered its dis-

continuance. He, however, dearly loved to read,

and, had for a year or more, been in the habit

of sending "little Joe" on the disagreeable errand

of borrowing old papers of his neighbors.

Mrs. C. waited patiently during the day, ex-

pecting soon to see little Joe coming with the

paper; but the day passed, as likewise did the

evening, and no paper came.

The next morning, after breakfast, she was

heard to say, "Well, John, the paper has not

been returned yet."

"Ah, indeed. I guess neighbor N— has

either forgotten his promise, or is absent from

home," replied Mrs. C.

"I think," she continued, "we had better

send James down after it."

"Would it not be best, wife, to wait until

afternoon? N— may return before that time."

"As you think best," was the submissive re-

ply.

They waited until nearly dark, but no paper

was its appearance. James, a smart lad of ten

years, was now instructed to proceed to neighbor

N—, and get the paper. He soon arrived, and

made known his errand. He was very po-

litely informed that it was lent to R—, the

blacksmith, who lived about a mile farther

on. James, unwilling to return home without it,

resolved, notwithstanding the lateness of the

hour, to continue on to the blacksmith's.

It was quite dark when he arrived, but he soon

made his business known, and was informed by

Mrs. R—, that "little Joe" had the paper, and

agreed to take it all up." "I'll take the

fragments," said James, who was for having

nothing lost.

The fragments, Jim!" exclaimed Mrs. R—,

"Old Dutch, the paper, come along here to-day,

and I will give you the paper again."

James, somewhat dispirited by his unsuccess-

ful mission, and not being very courageous in

the dark, silently beat a hasty retreat for home,

where in due season he arrived and reported the

result of his errand. "Ah!" very composedly

remarked Mrs. C., "I suppose R— asked

neighbor N— to lend him the paper, and he

did not like to deny him. We cannot, I think,

justly accuse either of doing intentional wrong;

and one paper," continued he, "is of little

value."

"You may argue N—'s case as you please,"

replied Mrs. C., "but be assured of one thing."

"What is that," asked Mrs. C., with evident

fear.

"Nothing, only neighbor N— will not long

be at the inconvenience of troubling people for

old papers."

In about three weeks after this conversation,

N— was informed by the Post Master that he

had a paper in the office. He was highly pleased

at the announcement, but he could not think who

was so very kind as to send him the paper. Af-

ter many conjectures, however, he came to the

conclusion that it was some friend whom he had

assisted in former years.

One year had passed; the papers continued to

come, and N— was still ignorant from whence

they came; but being one day at a "hauling,"

he informed his neighbors of his good fortune,

and expressed some fear that he should have to

do without a paper soon.

"No you won't," said James C., in a loud

tone of voice; "for mother sent on two dollars

more for you, last week."

"Well, now, Jim!" shouted a dozen voices,

while a simultaneous roar of laughter rang

along the line of teamsters. N—, who had, previous

to this announcement, been remarkably cheerful

and talkative, became suddenly silent, while a

deep red color, the emblem of shame, mantled

his brow. This was a good lesson for N—.

Early the next morning he went and paid Mrs.

C. the four dollars, acknowledged his error, and

he was never after known to take less than two

weekly papers.

N—'s Dismissal. 1850.

There was a tradition that one of the

old Esquires, in Malden, Massachusetts, had

a slave who had been in his family until he was

about seventy years of age. Perceiving that

there was not much more work left in the old

man, the Esquire took him one day and made

him a somewhat pompous address, to the follow-

ing effect: "You have been a faithful servant to

me and my father before me. I have long been

thinking what I should do to reward you for your

services. I give you your freedom!—you are

your own master; you are your own man."

Upon this, the old negro shook his grizzled head,

and with a sly glance, showing that he saw

through the master's intentions, quietly replied:

"No, no, Massa! you eat de meat, and you must

pick de bone."

The sex defended. At a wedding the other

day, one of the guests, who was sometimes a

little about minded, observed gravely:—

"I have remarked that there have been more

women than men married this year."

Whereupon a matron lady replied tartly,

"That may be, sir, but I know there's been more

divorces among the men, than there has been

among the women."

Kind words produce their own image on men's

souls, and a beautiful image is—it is soothed

and comfort the hearer. They shame him out of

his sour, morose, unkind feelings. We have not

yet begun to use kind words in such abundance

as they ought to be used.

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